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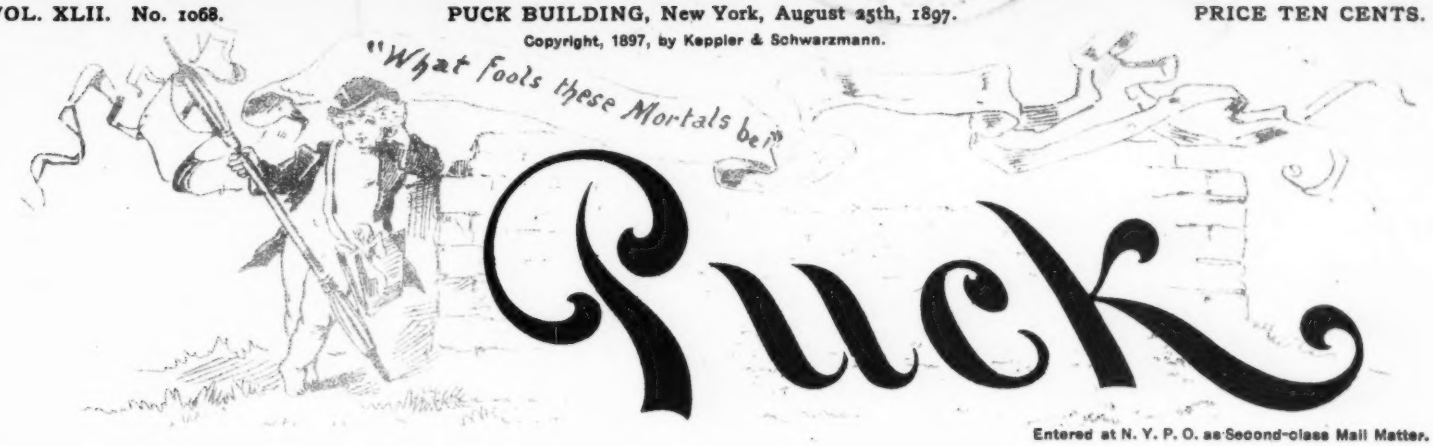

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BETTER THAN KLONDIKE!

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SEASIDE COURTSHIP.

STROLLING beside the sea,
Under a parasol,
With the waves performing a skirt-dance free
And the beach like a gay French ball;
"Let 's be engaged," he says.
"Will you be here long?" says she;
"Only a fortnight, that is all,
But what can the difference be?"

Silence beside the sea,
Under the parasol;
He is watching her sweet lips eagerly
For the precious words to fall.
"Only two weeks?" she says.
"Only two weeks," says he;
"Then it 's hardly worth being engaged at all,
You can see for yourself!" says she.

E. D. Pierson.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

FOSDICK.— Did you hear what Mr. and Mrs. McBride quarrelled about, and which threatened to break off the engagement almost on the wedding day?

KEEDICK.— No; what was it?

FOSDICK.— McBride wanted to arrange their wedding tour so that they could follow the New York Base-Ball Club on its circuit.

AFTER THE ANNEXATION.

MR. CLOSEFIST.—No, Ma'am; I don't feel like contributing. In fact, I 'm not in favor of sending missionaries abroad.

MRS. JENKINS.— But, Mr. Closefist, these missionaries are not going abroad. They are going to convert our fellow-citizens in Hawaii.

SOME FOOLS and their money marry into the European nobility.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

NEWSPAPER MANAGER.— I have a scheme to increase our circulation in the suburbs. We 'll offer a prize to the most popular suburbanite.

ASSISTANT.—Yes?

NEWSPAPER MANAGER.—Yes; when the coupons are counted, and the name of the winner is ascertained, we 'll take his property off his hands at the price he paid for it.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

MISS WHEELER.—Do you know that Daisy Scorchleigh is *so* superstitious?

CHOLLEY SPROCKITTS.— No! is she?

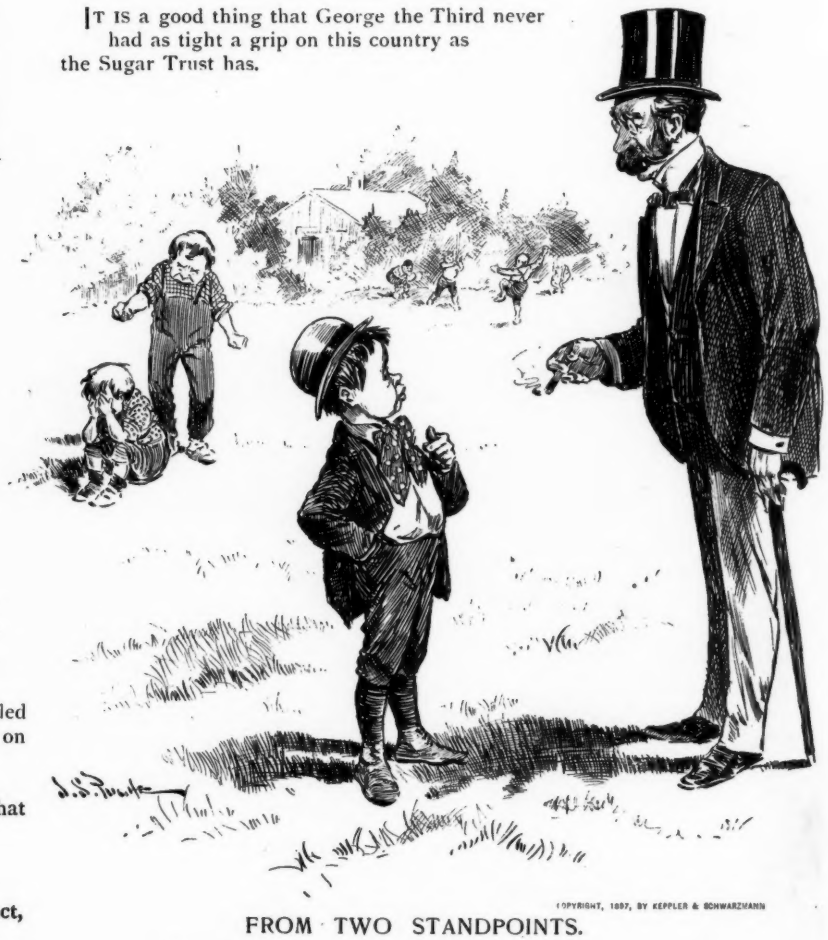
MISS WHEELER.—Yes; she says that every time you see a red-headed bloomer girl you 'll see a white bicycle.

AN APPROPRIATE TICKET.

TROTTER.— I am going to Circle City, away in the interior of Alaska.

PERKASIE.— I suppose you will buy a round trip ticket?

IT IS a good thing that George the Third never had as tight a grip on this country as the Sugar Trust has.



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FROM TWO STANDPOINTS.

PAPA.—You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you did n't interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy?

BOBBY.— I did think of that, an' was goin' to part 'em; but then I happened to think, s'pose I was the big boy? So I left 'em alone.

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AT THE ASBURY PARK BABY PARADE.

BROOKLYNITE *(who has taken a day off to get a change of scene, and a little rest).* — Great Scott! And to think I left Brooklyn for this!

THE MAIN POINT.

"LOOK HERE, Mr. Tallhead!" severely said the able editor of the Rocket City *Culverin*, addressing the high-browed young man, recently from the East, who was acting in a reportorial capacity; "while your account of the tar-and-feathering last night of the Reverend Whoop Tyler, the evangelist, is in the main quite satisfactory, you have overlooked the most important particular of all."

"I know that, sir," replied the young man, meekly; "but I did the best I could under the circumstances. When I pressed my way into the midst of the mob to inquire what the clergyman had done to merit such punishment, a big man thrust a cocked revolver against my brow, turned me around, kicked me clear out of the crowd, and told me, with a volley of horrible oaths, that if I did n't stay out he 'd give me a share of what the preacher was getting. And so I —"

"Oh! the nature of the preacher's offence is merely an incidental!" interrupted the scribe. "The important point to which we refer is the names of the public-spirited citizens who donated the tar and the feathers."

A TURKISH EPISODE.

MESSENGER.— Slave, the Sultan sends thee the bowstring.

THE SLAVE.—Thanks—thanks! I would do as much for the Sultan if I had the chance.

A MASTER-MIND.

HOCKHEIMER.— Grabenthal's peautiful fox-terrier haf der mange so badt dot it left him as bare as a bone.

MERGENTHAL.— Vat badt luck! Did he haf to kill him?

HOCKHEIMER. — Grabenthal is a schmart man! He sold him for feefty tollars as a Mexican hairless dog.

HIS LOVE GREW COLD.

In happier days her lover wooed
And vowed and pleaded, sighed and sued;
And now she vows that he shall see
That she can sue as well as he.

A YOUTHFUL OBSERVER.

PAPA.—Tautology? That means when you needlessly repeat something you 've said before.

FRANK.— Oh! Like Mama.

FOR A rainy day the weather prophet should lay by an explanation of why he predicted fine weather.

LEADING HIM ASTRAY.

BROWN.— I wish I could remember what it was my wife wanted me to bring home.

SMITH.— I 've found that it 's less trouble, in the long run, to forget those things.

PERHAPS THE biggest fish liar of them all is the man who tells you of the exploits achieved with a bent pin in his childhood.

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A GENTLE HINT.

MISS WHEELER.— Yes; this is my new seventy-five-dollar wheel. Bicycles are lower, you know.

MISS PRIM.— So I 've heerd. 'Pears to me, bicycle skirts ought to be lower, too.

A MEDIÆVAL KISS.

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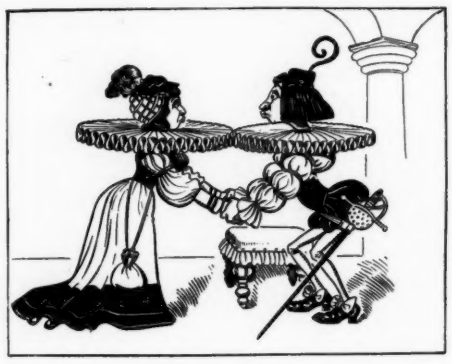

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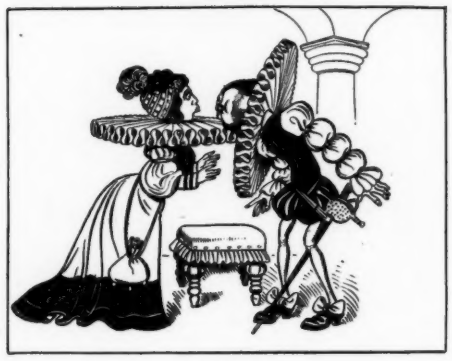

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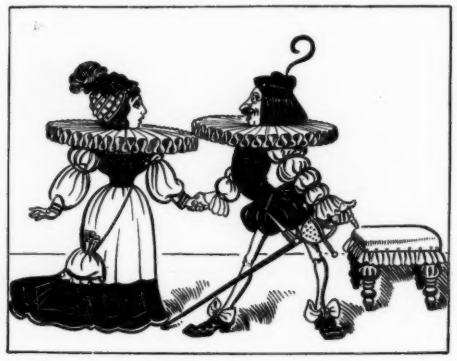

VI.

VII.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BACHELOR GIRL.— Never smoke when walking with an elderly lady. It may offend her old-fashioned notions of propriety.

BOSTON MOTHER.— You can not begin your infant's literary training too soon. Give him the Ibsen A-B-C Book, the Primer of Primordial Primitivism, and Browning for Babes.

MAMIE.— We can not tell you what colored floss to use for cat tails unless we know the color of the cat.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.— There are 12,640 ways of making Welsh rabbit. Each of these is pronounced the *only* way, by a noted chef, who sneers at the other 12,639. A complete set of 10 vols. of the recipe books on this subject will be sent to you on application.

COUNTRY ROSE.— *(a)* Lettuce is eaten with a fork alone. The reason for the solitude is, because nine persons out of ten present such an ungainly appearance at this occupation that it is better so.

(b) Yes, a crocheted dinner-jacket would be a very pretty present for your fiancé. Chinchilla with a red border is nice, finished at the throat with gilt cord and tassels. The rule for this jacket is: slip one, widen two, purl, narrow, bind; repeat twice, then back again.

LOTTIE.— Certainly, cross your handwriting in letters or on postal cards; especially if you write a small, fine hand. Such a course shows an economical nature, and a desire to give your friend all the pleasure possible in a small space.

EDWARD.—You should buy a copy of our Complete Dressmaker at Home. However, with a Cutterick's paper pattern, you can easily fit yourself an evening suit, if you are at all handy with your needle. Buy about seven yards of black, soft-faced vicuña, with braid for the sides. Buy, also, a few buttons and buttonholes for the waistcoat. Do your sewing by hand, and keep a yard and a half of the cloth to piece it down if it shrinks in the wet weather.

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"ANOTHER PEACEFUL CITIZEN SANDBAGGED."

TOOK CHANCES.

"Jones swam out and saved the girl."

"Risked his life, eh?"

"Don't know about that; but he risked matrimony, and he is n't out of danger yet."

AN ULTIMATUM.

BROWN.— I see that the seal question has come up again.

JONES.— Oh, yes! My wife notified me last night that she must have a complete sealskin outfit next Winter.

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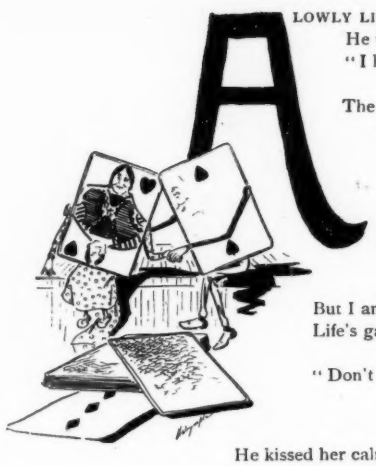
AN ACCIDENT IN DARKTOWN.

AFFRIGHTED CHORUS.— Lawdy! Who shot?

OBSERVANT MR. MOKEBY.— Nobody. Dat 's only Mis' Hamfut tromped on de tennis ball.

"ACCORDING TO HOYLE."



A LOWLY LITTLE two-spot once loved the Queen of Hearts;
He won the lady's favor by praising her fine tarts.
"I love you, too," she told him, "but I am much afraid
The Court will never let me wed a lowly little Spade!
The Court, you know, won't recognize a lowly little Spade!"

"I know I 'm very lowly, it makes my poor heart ache,
I wish I were a Diamond, dear," he said, "for your sweet sake.
But I am brave and steadfast, so do not be dismayed;
Life's games are full of chances," said the loyal little Spade;
"Don't be down-hearted, deary," said the loyal little Spade.

He kissed her calm, flat features, her lips of crimson lake,
"If I should fail to win you, I think my heart would break.
But I shall win and wed you, love's plots are deeply laid,
I 'll ask my old friend Hoyle's advice," said little Mr. Spade;
"He 's up to all the tricks, you know," said little Mr. Spade.

It chanced at play one evening that Spades were made the trump;
The faithful two-spot held his breath! his little heart went thump.
The game was nearly ended; the Queen of Hearts was played,
The nine, and ten of Diamonds, and then the little Spade!
"I win the Queen, and Diamonds, too!" cried the happy little Spade.

A PAINFUL PROBLEM.

TEACHER *(stating problem)*.— If your grandfather had lived eighty years and saved fifty dollars each year, and invested the money at six per cent.— What are you crying for, Ikey?

IKEY.— Mein grandfader did n't.

AN ATTEMPT TO DEFINE.

"What is meant by 'halcyon days?'"

"Oh, it 's a sort of poetical expression! I guess it means the days when the poets get checks."

THE AVERAGE tombstone reminds us that most men, if they are not as black as they are painted, are, on the other hand, not as white as they are sculptured.

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NOT HIS ONLY FAULT.

UNCLE EZRA.—The paper says this candidate fer the Legislatur' has great personal magnetism.

UNCLE ABNER.—Yes; an' there 's other charges ag'in him, too!

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

SOILED SPOONER.— I seen a rich t'ing in de last town dat I stopped at. A dude gave a legless beggar half a dollar to watch his wheel while he went upstairs to de dentist's shop. He t'ought he had a cinch on de beggar, but de freak hired a boy to steal de wheel for a quarter, an' so got away wid it, even if he did n't have no legs.

SELDUM FEDD.— By jing! It 's hard to keep a good man down, ain't it?

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THE ONLY MAN AT THE SUMMER RESORT.

AN EXPENSIVE CATCH.

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CLARA.—Oh, Mr. Handy! See that beautiful butterfly! Oh, *please* catch it for me!

MR. HANDY.—Why, certainly, Miss Clara! I am an expert at catching butterflies. Now see me catch him at the first swipe.

——! ——! ——! ——!

PRACTICAL REALISM.

WING.—How does it happen you 've always had such complete success in playing the part of the villain?

FLIES.—By feeling the part. You see, I always insist upon being stage manager at such times, and in that capacity it 's dead easy to get mad enough to enact a dozen villainies, before I get my cue.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

FRIEND.—It must be very hard to fast day after day!

PROFESSIONAL FASTER.—At first it is, but after a while you get used to eating your meals at night.

MISS CLARA.—Oh, Mr. Handy! It is too bad you missed him!
MR. HANDY *(grimly)*.—Y-e-e-s!

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

Th' best things to eat gen'rally makes a feller bilious.

Everything 's all right in its place;—'specially shingles and slippers.

Billy Jones's Pa 's a nervous invalid, and does he make Billy mind? Say!

Some fellers' mothers works awful hard to dress 'em so they 'll look like th' dickens.

A baby's cry sounds biggest at night—just like a stomachache feels.

Our house has got a tower 'cause it 's fashionable; and it looks like a baby wearin' a plug hat.

My brother 's too old to care much for fun; he 's thirty. Pa 's fifty-four; that 's just th' right age.

Seems to me I 'd feel ever so much better if I could see what th' ground looks like on th' other side.

Sometimes it seems to me if some folks had never got married their kids would 've been happier.

Once one little firecracker went off in my pants pocket. That was th' biggest celebration I ever had.

David Henry.

IT IS not what a man earns but what his father saved that makes him rich.

IT REQUIRES much discretion to maintain a reputation for sagacity.

ANOTHER TRUST STARTED.

"MY KISSES have a price," she said,
When one I asked of her;
Her lips were red as coral-red,
Her breath was sweet as myrrh.

"Alas!" I cried, "no scrip have I,
Nor yet of golden dust!"
"Well, then," she smiled, "suppose we try
And start a sugar trust?"

Harold MacGrath.

VINDICATION.

MAJOR GORE *(musingly)*.—I don't know as Thompson's colt, of the fable, was so foolish, aftuh all.

COLONEL CORKRIGHT.—Think not, Majah?

MAJOR GORE.—No, sah! I frequently cross the river to get a drink, myself.

UNHAPPY CIRCUMSTANCE.

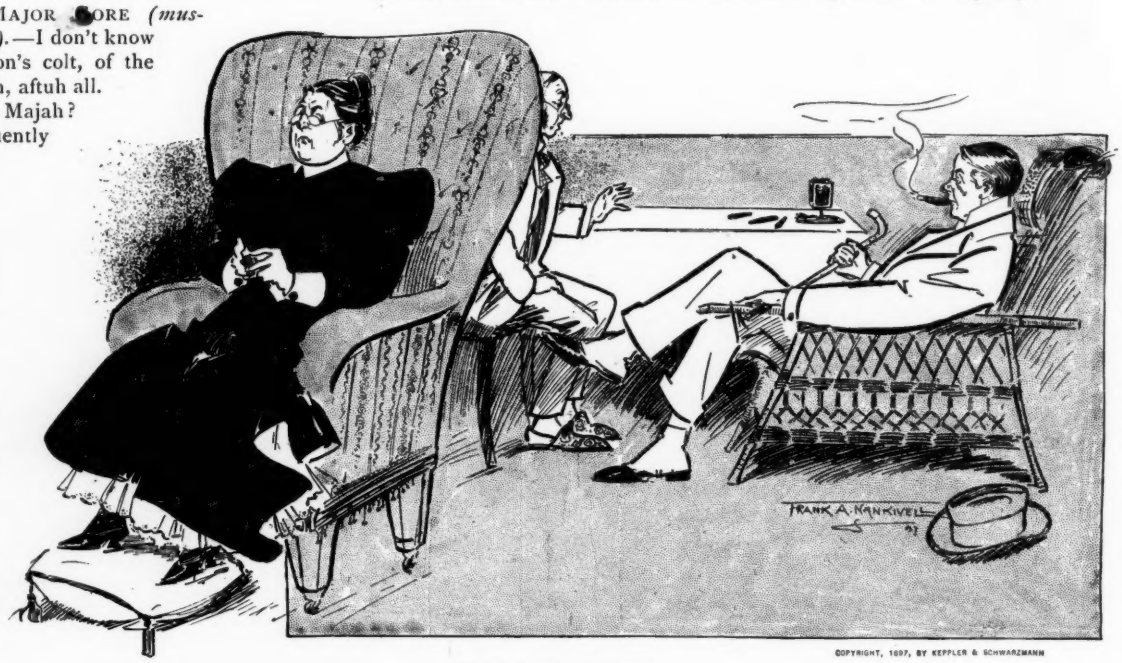
How sad the mermaid's humid lot!
Unlike earth's lovely daughters,
She can not put on airs at all;
Perhaps she puts on waters.

FIN DE SIÈCLE NON-SUPPORT.

MRS. PECK.—What Mrs. Strongmind sued for divorce for I can't understand,—and for non-support, of all things in the world! As if woman were dependent on man for support!

MRS. MANHATE.—Don't be so hasty. The ground was that Mr. S., who trains with the Whistling Girls, declined to support the Crowing Hens' ticket, on which his wife was a candidate!

THE DIFFICULTY in the way of teaching an old dog new tricks lies in finding the new tricks.



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ANOTHER BRUTE.

FRIEND.—Is your brother still the level-headed, sensible fellow he used to be?

HENRY PECK.—Yes; he is still a bachelor.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE MEANING OF "QUIGG."

THE UNDUE prevalence of the word "Quigg" in local campaign literature can hardly have escaped the notice of the most casual reader. Many thoughtless people have supposed that this quaint association of letters stands for a personality, and not a few have been favorably impressed by the thought. If a man were named "Quigg," they reason, he must needs cultivate all virtues to a degree of austerity. The eye of criticism would ever rest upon him expectantly, since one would naturally look for almost any kind of deviltry from a man named "Quigg." Therefore, reason these folks, if there is a "Quigg," and he has thus far won the toleration of the community, he must be a very good man indeed. And by this reasoning they are inclined to give serious heed to the threats and promises concerning Greater New York, of which he appears to be so fecund. But "Quigg" is no person. Careful investigation permits us to turn loose the fact that "Quigg" is the name of a megaphone through which Mr. T. C. Platt, jobber in offices, shouts his orders to the voters of this city. In the presence of offices, Mr. Platt is as an Ohio man or a ravening wolf,—he can not trust himself to speak directly to the public lest it be frightened by his gleaming teeth, sharpened to an edge for biting into nice new salaries: hence the device called "Quigg." Mr. Platt daily informs the people of New York, through this resonant instrument, that if they do not put themselves in his power he will put them in Mr. Croker's power. This threat has not yet produced a panic, although Mr. Platt reiterates it with fresh bluster every time he raises his quigg to his lips. The explanation may possibly be that the people of New York have resolved not to be plundered at all — neither by Platt nor by Croker — even if they are driven to the desperate course of electing a Mayor who has nothing but fitness for the office to recommend him.

"HORSE AND HORSE."

A MR. ROCKEFELLER, dealer in Standard Oil and Baptist churches, accuses the authorities of Tarrytown of trying to make him pay double the amount of his just taxes. The authorities of the said village of Tarrytown accuse the said Rockefeller of trying to evade the payment of half his just taxes. We implicitly believe both accusations. Each party is entirely capable of the sinful course mentioned, and if the guilt is not evenly divided between the two, then we are no Solomon. If there is one man more rabidly acquisitive than a Trust magnate it is a rural tax assessor, preferably one of Westchester County, New York, who has been made demented by the evidences of wealth that there abound. Mr. Rockefeller, by grace of the Republican party, has for many years collected a considerable tax from every one of his 69,999.999 fellow-citizens. Naturally, he has a very wholesome respect for the process of taxation, and is extremely sensitive to any application of it against himself. He is safe against all conceivable disaster in the commercial world, but he well knows that the tax assessors of Westchester County would impoverish him in a very few years if no stay were put to their extortions; for, in addition to their natural greed, is a feeling of resentment that any man should have a beautiful many-acred park for his "front yard," and a palatial dwelling with pictures and bath-tubs and other nonsense in it. It may be truly said that here are foemen worthy of each others steal. Perhaps the Trust is to be abated by this simple means. At any rate, the contest should be viewed in that spirit of fine impartiality with which we watch a dog-fight when neither dog belongs to us and both deserve punishment.

A KENTUCKY NEW WOMAN.

WE ARE indebted to Kentucky for some interesting problems in applied morality, especially touching the use of the revolver as a domestic utensil. A Kentucky Judge lately announced from the bench that an "unwritten law" permits a wronged husband to right himself with a revolver upon the person of his aggressor. Close upon this official delivery a Kentucky woman usurps the time-honored prerogative of the Kentucky gentleman by shooting the woman invader of her home. Now Kentucky is agitated as to whether the "unwritten law" warrants the woman equally with the man in being her own court and executioner. There are a few dissenting voices but the weight of opinion is toward the affirmative, and there probably won't be any lawsuit over the killing. But the deeper and graver question is, we venture to suggest: do the women of Kentucky intend to adopt this measure of protection? Under that curious double standard of morals which prevails in all Christendom, "virtue" has no meaning except as applied to woman, while man is the only one of the two whose fury at discovering a want of it has entitled him to kill. If woman from now on should claim a like privilege, not only would the "unwritten law" be amended to protect her, but expert marksmanship in Kentucky, as well as throughout the land, would probably correct a rather prevalent masculine notion that there is but one side to the square of conjugal fidelity.

ANOTHER CASE.

A TEAM OF chestnut horses, attached to an empty brick-wagon and driven by a profane man, stopped near a pile of bricks.

"I say, Tom," said the one on the off-side, "let 's run away, and then we won't have to work all day. If we can escape being arrested as scorchers, it will be worth our while. This wagon is as light as punk. What say?"

The other was n't so sure about it; but, after a heated argument lasting fifteen minutes, he changed his mind. In the meantime, the driver and another man had loaded the wagon to overflowing with heavy bricks, so that when the horses started on their illegal holiday, they found they could n't make any more progress than the Raines Law, and came to a halt in disgust, before covering a hundred feet. The enraged driver did n't do a thing to them.

MORAL.—They did n't know it was loaded.

P. H. C.

EASILY CHANGED.

"Don't you think men are changeable?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered the Summer Girl. "I have never had any trouble in getting rid of one and substituting another."

IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE.

AID-DE-CAMP.— General Weyler has ordered the second column forward.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENT.— Kindly inform him that it 's not all set up yet; — our typesetting machine broke.

DURING THE LAST SESSION.

"How does the Senate stand?"

"Forty bulls, thirty-six bears, and the others on the fence."

"IN MY VEINS," said the mosquito, proudly, "flows the blood of the best families of New Jersey."

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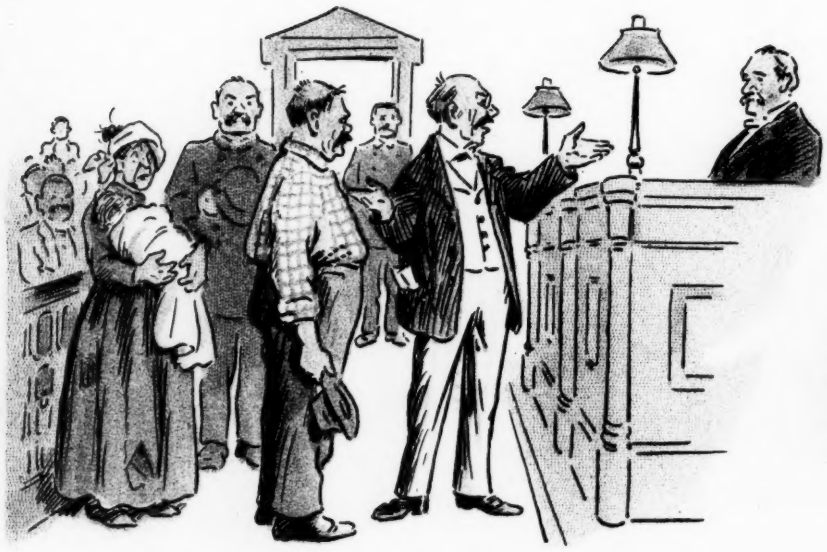
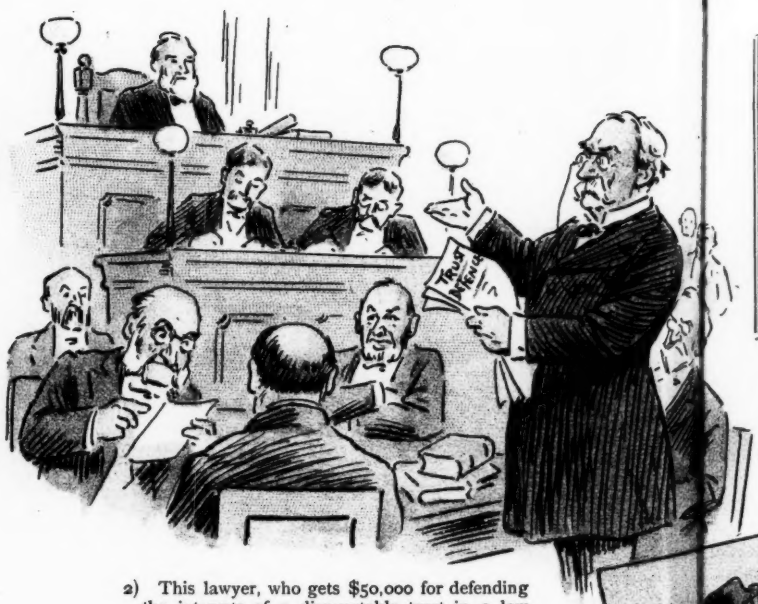
A GOOD THING.

MISSIONARY.— Ah, my friend! I see you have a hymn-book. I know you get a great deal of comfort out of it.

PRISONER.— You kin bet I does — when it 's filled! It 's one o' dem novelty whiskey flasks a friend o' mine brought to me. There 's some left — take one on me.



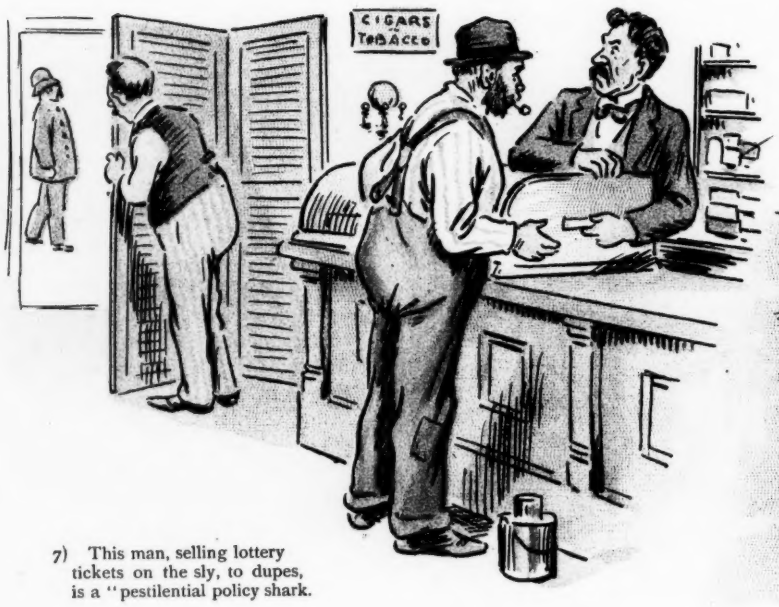
1) This lawyer, who gets five dollars for defending a disreputable person in a police court, is called a "shyster."



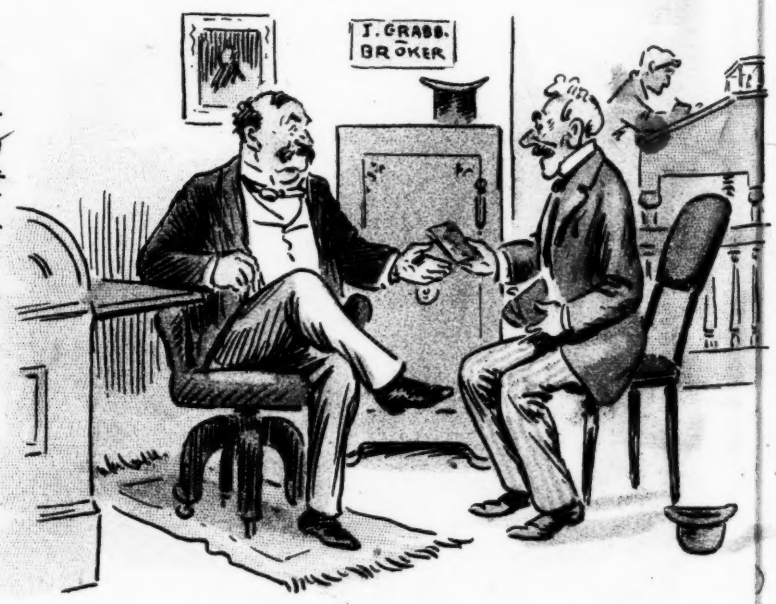
2) This lawyer, who gets $50,000 for defending the interests of a disreputable trust in a law court, is called "a great legal luminary."

5) This city law-maker, who gets his price in cash, is "one of those crooked, bribe-taking Aldermen."

6) This national law-maker, who gets his price in sugar stock, is "that clear-headed, far-sighted statesman, Senator Sweets."



7) This man, selling lottery tickets on the sly, to dupes, is a "pestilential policy shark.



8) This man, openly dealing in stocks for dupes, is "one of our great Wall Street manipulators."

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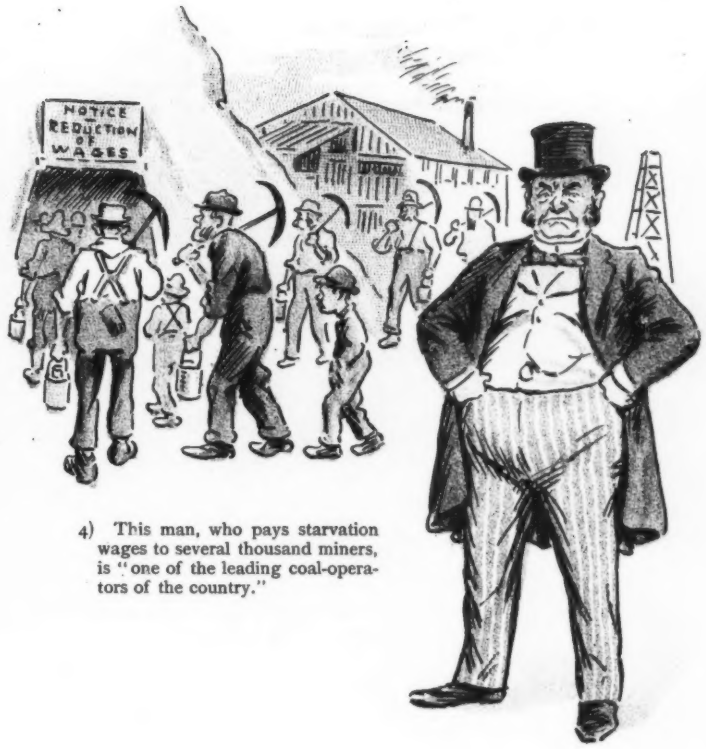
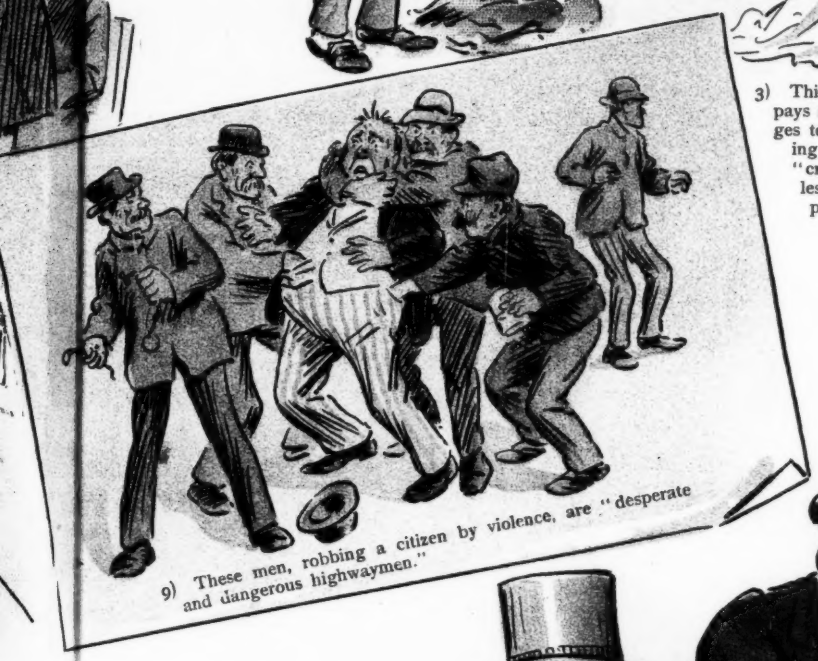
ALL A QUESTION OF THE S

3) This man, who pays starvation wages to a few clothing workers, is a "cruel and heartless sweat-shop proprietor."



4) This man, who pays starvation wages to several thousand miners, is "one of the leading coal-operators of the country."



9) These men, robbing a citizen by violence, are "desperate and dangerous highwaymen."

10) These men, robbing the whole country by the tariff, are "great industrial and financial magnates."

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

F THE SCALE WE DO IT ON.

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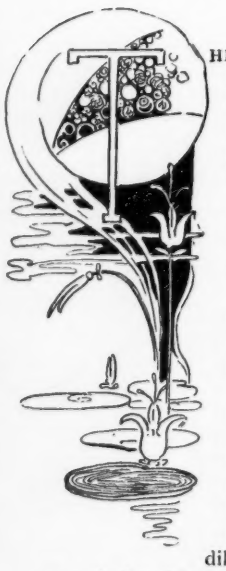
A NECESSITY.

MRS. DRESSLY.—I have n't any room for your things, dear. You 'll have to get another trunk.

DRESSLY.—No; I 'll take my dress suit case. I don't need another trunk.

MRS. DRESSLY.—But I do!

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE AT KANNED TERMATTERS.



THE SUMMER GUEST season does not rightly begin at Kanned Termatters, L. I., until late in August. It only begins there at that time because belated boarders find other places full when the season is well advanced, and so fall victims to the three-line ads. of the enterprising hotel-keepers of this charming resort.

In early August, therefore, it befalls that the boarding-house and hotel-keepers of Kanned Termatters meet and plan the campaign against the Summer Boarder.

At the convocation held this year, many memorable reforms for Kanned Termatters were inaugurated; the first and foremost being reformation in the matter of hotel nomenclature.

For many years the five boarding-houses and the two hotels the place boasted of had each and all been conducted under the name of the Ocean House. So it was when a Summer Boarder alighted at the platform that did duty for a station at Kanned Termatters, and asked for the Ocean House, he was either fought over, tooth and nail, and dragged away in triumph to the dilapidated 'bus of the panting victor, or else compelled to wait, hand baggage in hand, while the rivals threw dice for him. It all depended upon what humor the proprietors of the various Ocean Houses were in, and whether competition ran high during a more than usually dull season.

This may have been one reason why a guest one season at Kanned Termatters made it a bourne to which he ne'er returned; or it may have been malaria or mosquitos or some other attraction of this, the truck-garden spot of Long Island. But, anyway, they never came back; and while it may be true that there are as many suckers in the sea as ever were caught, yet it is equally true that they do not bite like they used to, and the hotel-keepers of Kanned Termatters came at last to the opinion that there was too much "Ocean House."

There was a great deal of argument in the matter, but it was finally decided that seniority in the matter could not be established conclusively, and that it was too important a matter to leave to the drawing of straws. It was finally decided that precedence established in the matter at other seaside resorts should be followed, and that the hotel furthest away from water of any kind, salt or fresh, should be allowed to retain the title of Ocean House, and hold it for its own exclusive use hereafter.

The matter of Life Saver on the beach was then taken up. The law compelled the creation of such an office, and the pay had been assessed from the various hotel and boarding-house keepers, until altogether it made the princely salary of a dollar a day. As it was sure pay, there was each year a fierce struggle for the place. Generally it went to some decrepit old farmer, some deserving old gentleman bedridden with rheumatism, to whom the salary was a charity and a blessing. But this year, strange to say, there was no chronic case of rheumatism at Kanned Termatters; and an aged widow, four miles from town, and the village idiot, were the only applicants in sight who seemed to have any chances of obtaining the coveted position, until Gabe Beasley's uncle, who had a wooden leg, came to Kanned Termatters and made application for the post of Life Saver, with all the perquisites thereto attached.

Feeling ran high over the matter. There was some talk of "Uitlanders" and "strangers in our midst;" but, upon the wooden leg being placed on exhibition at the post-office, a reaction set in, and the sawmill veteran secured the position by a vote of four: three hotel-keepers having voted for the village idiot, two for the aged widow, and one scattering.

After which it was resoved that guests with a bicycle and no baggage should pay in advance. And the meeting adjourned.

The season is now in full blast at Kanned Termatters, and the arrival of its victims and the ghastly croquet carnivals they hold are duly chronicled to the extent of half a stick in the Summer Resort sections of the Sunday papers, under the general title of "By Long Island's Sea Girt Shore."

Roy L. McCardell.

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TAKING NO CHANCES.

HIS WIFE.—Well, Josiah, I don't see that you need keep on takin' that liquor. The doctor said you were all cured, and that he need n't come any more.

THE DEACON.—Yes; but you know what he said a few days ago, about the danger of gittin' a relapse.

AT THE SEASIDE HOP.

"Who is that hatchet-faced old lady keeping watch over those two pretty girls so strictly? She can't be their mother."

"No. Those girls are the Rocksley heiresses, and she 's their duenna."

"Il'm! She looks like a female detective brought in to watch the silver."

"Well, it *is* her duty to keep an eye on the spoons."

A STOIC.

"Jim, he am eh bohn gambler. Yo' nebbah kin tell from de way he looks, whedder he am winnin' or losin'."

"Dat am so. I seed him de day aftah he done lost dat lebben dollahs on de races, an' yo 'd t'ink he owned Sixt' Av'noo."

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GHASTLY ENTERPRISE.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—I did n't s'pose there was much room for enterprise in the undertakin' business, but it seems there is.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—What makes you think so, Ezry?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Why, you know a feller came along here the other day, an' painted signs on the barns an' rocks an' sech places, readin': "Use Pinchbeck's Peculiar Panacea." Wal, this afternoon a pale, solemn man came along an' painted under every one of them signs the words: "And go to Tombs & Potter's for Coffins and Caskets." That is what I call gittin' the thing down pretty fine.

AN EXAMPLE.

LITTLE ELMER.—Pa, what is a coincidence?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—The fact that the green cucumber is ready to begin its work just about the time that the green medical student graduates is a good example of coincidence, my son.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

FIRST SCHOOLBOY.—Say! did ye ever see such a stuck-up, airy chump as Bill Smithers? He 's got a idea that he 's goin' ter be President or somethin' when he grows up. But I 've fixed him—got him to join our base-ball club! Aha!

SECOND SCHOOLBOY.—Well, how does that fix him?

FIRST SCHOOLBOY.—Hain't ye never read none of these biographies of great men, where it always says, "He never shared the sports of his boyish comrades?"

THE INNUMERABLE CARAVAN.

SNIFF.—This man, Snobson, is very poor, is he not?

SNICKERSON.—Very; but how could you tell? You 've only known him five minutes.

SNIFF.—Yes; but in that time he managed to tell me how near he once came to buying the land where the city of Chicago now stands.

DIVERS CHANGES.

At first diversion gay they sought,
Their paths, then diverse grew;
But now, alas! the sorry thought,
Divorce they 're coming to!

HER IDEA.

FARMER SUMMERBOARD *(to his son)*.—Enoch, I guess it 's about time to prune them vines.

MISS CITIGIRL *(one of the boarders)*.—Oh! do you raise your own prunes? I thought you bought them at the grocery!

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SHE HAD.

HE.—You are the only girl I ever—

SHE.—Dear me! Have n't you ever been at the seaside before?

A REVISED SIMILE.

FIRST ACTOR.—Buskin had n't much success as a star, had he?

SECOND ACTOR.—No, indeed! He went up like a rocket, and came down like a flying machine.

THE MAIN POINT.

MRS. SWINDLEBAUM.—I haf schoost been readin' in der newsbaper dot a man paid $1,400 into der "gonscience fund" oaf der governmendt lasdt veek.

OLD SWINDLEBAUM *(eagerly)*.—Does it say how he cheadted der governmendt oudt oaf dot mooch moneysh in der virst blace?

WHERE HE AGREED WITH HIM.

"What! What!"

The irate old man almost choked with indignation—

"You want to steal my child from me, to rob me of my daughter? Why, sir!—"

His rage got the upperhand of him, and he gasped some more—

"Rascal is no name for you!"

The young man was perfectly calm. "You bet it is n't," he said slowly; "and if anybody says otherwise there 's liable to be trouble."

In the face of such sublime gall what could the old man do?

JUST BEFORE THE MILLENNIUM.

CITY EDITOR.—Where did you get this information?

REPORTER.—It was given to me in confidence.

CITY EDITOR.—What? You are discharged, sir! Think this paper wants news obtained in that way?

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

"Charity begins at home."
Does it? Well, I guess not!
We ignore the poor at our very door
And begin with the Hottentot!

"IF YOU want to make a mark in the world," said the pen, "you must not be afraid to scratch."

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149–155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S–O–H–M–E–R.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick. Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

$7,800 GIVEN AWAY

To persons making the greatest number of words out of the phrase "Patent Attorney Wedderburn." For full particulars write the National Recorder, Washington, D. C., for sample copy containing same.

As soon as a cheap man has been converted and joins a church, he begins to set himself up as an authority on what kind of people the Lord loves. —*Atchison Globe.*

ONE METHOD OF REASONING.

"That speaker seems to be very popular with the audience."

"I have my doubts," replied the contrary man; "I noticed they applauded him a great deal more for getting through with his speech than they did for commencing it."—*Washington Star.*

"HOW many times have I told you, Willy, not to play in that dirt?"

"I can't say, Mama; I can only count up to ten, you know."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FIRST! On the Continent of America

To popularize Life Insurance, by introducing a plan by which the whole family might be insured.

The PRUDENTIAL has the STRENGTH of GIBRALTAR.

THE PRUDENTIAL

was the Pioneer of Industrial Insurance and blazed a pathway to success.

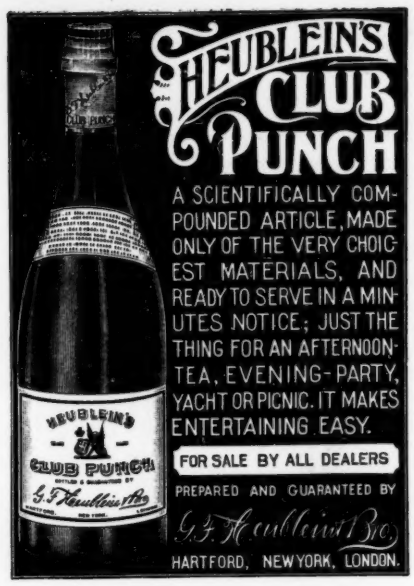
Assets, - -	$19,541,827
Income, - -	$14,158,445
Surplus - -	$4,034,116
Policies in force over	2,475,000
Insurance in force over	$320,453,483

Ages 1 to 70. Amounts $15 to $50,000. Premiums payable yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, weekly. Write

The Prudential Insurance Company of America,

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.



UNCONSCIOUS PERVERSITY.

"It 's curious how one will accustom himself to things," said the man who dabbles in psychology. "My alarm clock caused me to awaken at seven o'clock this morning. I usually sleep right along till eight."

"You set it for seven o'clock, did you?"

"No. I forgot to. I guess the absence of the familiar sound is what disturbed my rest."—*Washington Star.*

ADOLPH.—Fly, oh, fly with me, my darling!
MANDE.—I 'm afraid those airships are not safe. Let 's go by train.—*Norristown Herald.*

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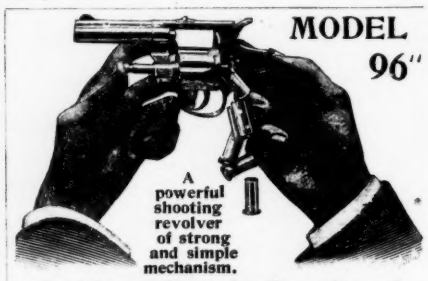
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

I.

MR. RUSHMAN.—Confound that blankety—blankety—blank typewriter, to go off this afternoon and leave me here with all this unanswered mail, and me got a sore finger so I can't use a pen. Well, as I can't do anything here, I guess I will go home and spend a pleasant afternoon with my wife!



Send for catalogue describing this and other models.

SMITH & WESSON,

8 Stockbridge St. Springfield, Mass.

II.

MR. RUSHMAN *(arriving home)*.—Yes, Mary, I came home. My typewriter went home sick this afternoon, and it was no use of my staying there without her.

MRS. RUSHMAN *(angrily)*.—Oh! it has come to that, has it? Can't stay one afternoon in your office without she is there! Feel lonely, I suppose? I have thought, all along, that that girl would turn your head some day. I 'll see that she finds another position, *I* will!

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY,

A. R. Ledoux Prest.

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

"CELLINI," observed Phidias one afternoon at Mrs. Cæsar's tea, "when did you first discover that you were a sculptor?"

"When I was a child," said Cellini. "When my father was away from home I had to do the carving for the family."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE man who on July 4th lighted two cannon crackers, holding one in each hand, pulls on his trousers with his teeth.—*West Union Gazette.*

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable* and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

***$1.20** per box of **1** gross. Assorted sample box of **24** pens for **25 cts.**, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St.; EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.; TOWER MFG. CO., 306 Broadway, New York. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia. HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston. A. C. MCCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. BROWN BROS., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"I USED VIN MARIANI MANY YEARS, AND CONSIDER IT A VALUABLE, PARTICULARLY SERVICEABLE STIMULANT."

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

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Somerset Club

Absolutely Pure.

Very Old.

Delicious Flavor.

TRADE MARK

Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St.,
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Emma Eames writes: "Vin Mariani is a most delightful and efficacious tonic."

AS THEY PRONOUNCE IT.

"There 's one thing about my girl," yawned Freshly; "she 's awfully chic."

"Yes; and no Spring chick at that." —*Detroit Free Press.*

NATURAL INDIGNATION.

CALLER.—Are you positive Miss Riche is not in?

MAID.—Do you doubt her word, sir? —*Princeton Tiger.*

No invention, we think, ever caused quite so much talk as the telephone.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ON these hot afternoons, how the overheated in-door clerk pines for a seat on the cool bleachers at a base-ball game.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

IT does n't follow that when a vessel sails under bare poles she outstrips the wind. —*Yonkers Gazette.*

Definition of the word

"KODAK"

The *Standard Dictionary* says: "Kodak is an arbitrary word constructed for trade-mark purposes."

We originated and own this trade-mark. No camera is a "Kodak" unless manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company.

Don't let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

If it isn't our make, it isn't a "Kodak."

BICYCLE KODAKS,

$5.00 to $25.00. **Booklet Free.**

"You press the button, We do the rest."

$2,853.00 in Prizes for Kodak Pictures. $1,475.00 in Gold. *Send for "Prize Contest" Circular.*

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

NO DANGER THERE.

STATISTICIAN *(at Western Lunatic Asylum).*—Have you many patients who have been crazed by religious enthusiasm?

SUPERINTENDENT.—Bless you, no! Our lunatics are from Chicago.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

SELF-CONVICTED.

"I 've put Blowly down for a consummate liar."

"What 's your reason?"

"He told me that he sat up until three o'clock and read every word of the President's message." —*Detroit Free Press.*

CHOLLY.—I think the chorus adds a great deal to the attractiveness of a play.

HARRY.—Yes; that's the beauty of it. —*Yale Record.*

THE part of boarding that a man most dislikes is having to plank down.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

ED. PINAUD'S PARIS EAU DE QUININE

37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG.

HAIR TONIC.

THE BEST HAIR RESTORER. A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE.

THIS REMARKABLE TOILET PREPARATION HAS NO EQUAL FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR AND WILL, AFTER A FEW APPLICATIONS, GIVE THE SCALP NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.

SHOULD BE ON THE DRESSING TABLE OF EVERY GENTLEMAN AND GENTLEWOMAN.

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WITHOUT A RIVAL.

THE COLONEL.—Our whiskey and our horses, Majah, are still reckoned the best in the world.

THE MAJOR.—Yes, Colonel; but even in Kentucky the bicycle is taking the place of the horse.

THE COLONEL.—That may be, Majah; but you and I will never see anything that will take the place of the whiskey.

RHEINSTROM BROS.

CINCINNATI

Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

$\frac{5}{6}$ Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

THE GENUINE
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT
MAKES
FLESH AND BLOOD
AVOID SUBSTITUTES
EISNER & MENDELSON CO. NEW YORK, AGENTS

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

wants bright young and middle-aged men to take the Civil Service Examinations for appointments in the Customs, Internal Revenue, Departmental, Railway Mail Services, and the Government Printing Office. 5000 appointments made annually. Hundreds of new appointments to be made this year! Examinations in every state. Chances excellent for those we prepare by mail. Particulars as to salaries, dates, etc., free if you mention this paper. NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, Dept. S. C., 2d National Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

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CYCLOMETER

Dust Proof, Waterproof
Positively Accurate
¾ in. long. Wt. 1 oz.
Price $1.50.
Shows large, plain figures.
AT ALL DEALERS
Beware of Imitations.
Booklet Free.
VEEDER MFG. CO.,
Hartford, Conn.

BARBER'S itch is a torturing disease, and it lasts a long time unless prompt measures are taken. See JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d Street, New York. 132 Page Beauty Book for 2-cent stamp.

Pass on the good word. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters befriended you. You can make friends by giving good advice.

THE art of looking wise constitutes many individuals claims to respect.—*Adams Freeman.*

Emile Zola writes: "Vin Marinia, the Elixir of Life, gives vigor, health, and energy."

CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

The New York public knows that *Dr. Siegert's* is the only genuine Angostura Bitters. It is useless to offer an imitation.

Champagne is a restorative if pure. *Cook's Imperial Champagne*, extra dry, has a century record for purity.

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.

Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England, and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::
If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,
J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

PUCK'S QUARTERLY 25 cts. No. 6 25 cts.
PUCK'S QUARTERLY 25 cts. No. 6 25 cts.
PUCK'S QUARTERLY 25 cts. No. 6 25 cts.
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HER VACATION.

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THE BREEZE comes scented
with the pinks
That blossom in the garden fair;
But at her casement still she
prinks
O'er lawn and lace and rib-
bons there.

"Come out!" "Come out!"
the chorus goes,
From trees and sky and birds
a-wing;
Yet still she sits and sews and
sews,
Nor hears nor heeds the song
they sing.

But after lamplight comes the
maid,
In dainty organdies bedight;
In all her panoply arrayed,
Tricked up by day to shine at
night.

And, then, a smile upon her face,
She 'll say, with girlish artlessness:
"It 's so nice here, you know,— a place
Where one need not fix up and dress!"

Roy L. McCardell.

SO HE DECLARED HIS INDEPENDENCE.

MRS. GOODSOUL.—You say you were thrown upon the world by a great cruelty of Nature. That 's too bad! What was the character of it, if you don't mind telling?

BUMM D'WAY.—Well, Mum, ye see, it was dis way: Nater made hayin' an' harvest come at a time when it 's too hot ter work; an' den she turns right around an' makes de time ter saw wood come in de Winter when it 's too dern cold. Oh! she had it in fer us, Mum!

TO THE ordinary observer it looks as if Fame makes some mighty poor selections.

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OF COURSE NOT.

MISS INSWIM.—Oh! just look at that woman without stockings! Is n't it shocking?

MISS SURFLY.—Indeed it is! I wonder how some women can be so indelicate!

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A LUCKY HIT.

SMALL BOY *(enviously, as a home run hit clears the left field fence).*—Say, lady! yer in great luck! Take de ball round ter de gate, an' dey 'll let yer inter de game free, fer nuttin'!

GOOD FOR EVIL.

HE.—Jack is an enthusiastic wheelman. He even argues that the wheel often benefits the pedestrian who is run over.

SHE.—How?

HE.—By emphasizing the fact that he ought to ride, and thus inducing him to get a wheel.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—It 's a wonder those explorers don't become discouraged, and give up the North Pole.

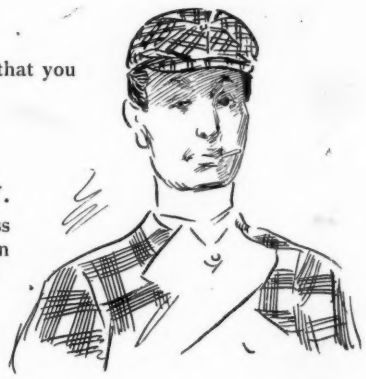
SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Nonsense! Have n't you and I been searching fifteen years for a satisfactory cook, and is n't the search going on as vigorously as ever?

YET ANOTHER.

"Phew! What sort of a cigarette is that you 're smoking?"

"Turkish."

"Ah! Another Turkish atrocity!"



IT OFTEN WORKS THAT WAY.

DRUMMER.—What were the gross receipts of the ice-cream festival given by the ladies of the church last night?

SQUAM CORNERS MERCHANT.—Nine dollars and odd cents, in the hole.

MORE ENTERPRISE.

FIRST REPORTER.—Yes; I have to go to Palestine to make some Biblical researches for the *Daily Hustler.*

SECOND REPORTER.—What do they expect you to do?

FIRST REPORTER.—I 'm instructed to discover an affidavit by Jonah, stating the exact facts in relation to the story of the whale.

THE BOY stood by and burned the deck,
When all but him had fled;
The cops found no evidence in the joint
Because of that boy's long head.

IF WE knew all we suspect we 'd be dreadfully shocked.

THE QUESTION is, whether two can live as cheaply as one, after they have been made one.

MR. DE BAR.—You ought to see me make one of my century runs.

MISS SPRAY.—Oh, do try it now, I should so like to see you! — *Detroit Free Press.*

A bottle of Evans' Ale

CONTAINS:

Richness of Bouquet,
Mellowness of Flavor,
Creamy Head,
Amber-like Brilliancy,
and that luxurious pungent
taste of the true bitter

—, *does not* contain a particle of sediment.

IN DOUBT.

A near-sighted girl happened to pass a furnishing store and to glance at the show window. She checked a scream and said to her companion:

"Oh! please come here and relieve my suspense."

"How?"

"Tell me what I am looking at, boa-constrictors or bicycle stockings!" — *Washington Star.*

BOBLIN. — Wagley has had his bicycle stolen.

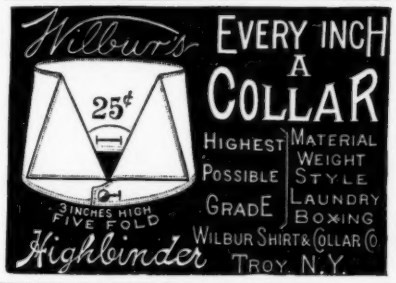
LOOLEY. — Is that so? Well, he has the consolation of knowing that its loss may prevent him from getting the bicycle back. —*Roxbury Gazette.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 122:

PUNCTURES.

BEING PUCK'S BEST THINGS ABOUT BIKES AND BIKERS.

10 CENTS. All Dealers. 10 CENTS.



NOT ROBBED.

ACTRESS (*who thinks of having her diamonds stolen for the sake of the advertisement*). — Has any one ever been robbed at this hotel?

GUEST (*Summer hotel*).— None of my friends have. We all took the precaution to settle about rates before we came. — *New York Weekly.*

WE are told of a little girl who concluded her evening prayer thusly: "And now, O God, take good care of yourself, for if anything should happen to you, we would have only McKinley to help us, and he ain't doing near as well as we expected."—*West Union Gazette.*

INCOMPARABLE FOR ITS GREAT, CREAMY LUXURIOUS LATHER.

WILLIAMS'

SHAVING STICK

SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25¢ IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT SUPPLY YOU.

THE J.B.WILLIAMS CO.,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.
LONDON, 64 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C.

MAY the press, before many years, in its unceasing hunt for news, run against some pathetic affair where strong men are not weeping and weak women are not hysterical.— *Roxbury Gazette.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

THE SOCIETY MOTHER'S DUTIES.

LITTLE MISS AVNOO.—What is mamas for?

LITTLE MISS DE FASHION.—Why, they is to scold the nurses when we make a noise.—*New York Weekly.*

THE...

ADIRONDACK...

MOUNTAINS Called in Old Times

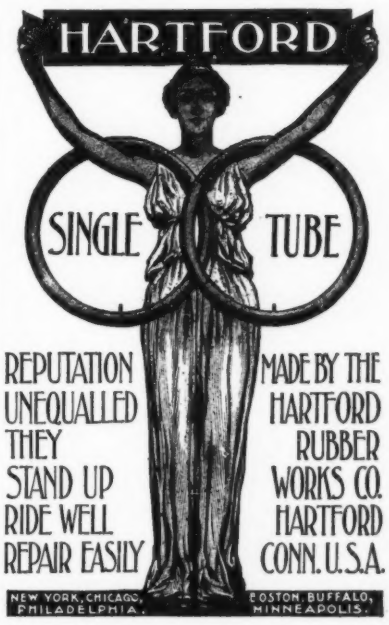
"THE GREAT NORTH WOODS."

A marvelous wilderness, abounding in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks, filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region — located in Northern New York — is reached from Chicago by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Montreal by the New York Central; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the New York Central; from New York by the through car lines of the New York Central; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the New York Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How To Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



THE belief of our people in ice-cream and soda-water signs is unfailing. — *West Union Gazette.*

1897 Columbia Bicycles Standard of the World.

$75.00

Practically tested by fast riders, rough riders and fair riders, 1897 Columbias have not been found wanting in speed, strength and beauty. 5% Nickel Steel Tubing, patent flush joints and direct tangent spokes are some of the new features.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalogue free from any dealer; by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

HARTFORD BICYCLES, $50, $45, $40, $30.

WE 'D NEVER thought of takin' 'em, 't was Mary Ann's idee,—
Sence she got back from boardin'-school she 's called
herself Maree
An' scattered city notions like a tom-cat sheds his fur;—
She thought our old melodeon wa' n't good enough fer her,
An' them pianners cost so that she said the only way
Was to take in Summer boarders till we 'd made enough to pay.
So she wrote adver*tise*ments out to fetch 'em inter camp,
An' now there 's boarders thicker here than June bugs round a lamp.

Our best front parlor 'll jest be sp'iled, they h'ist up every shade,
An' open all the blinds, by gum! an' let the carpet fade.
They 're in there week days jest the same as Sunday; I declare,
I really think our haircloth set is showin' signs o' wear!
They set up ha'f the night an' sing—no use to try to sleep—
With them a-askin' folks to "dig a grave both wide an' deep,"
An' "who will smoke my mashum pipe?" By gee! I tell yer what:
If they want me to dig their graves, I 'd just as soon as not.

There ain't no comfort now at meals, I can't take off my coat,
Nor use my knife to eat, nor tie my napkin round my throat,
Nor drink out of my sasser. Gosh! I hardly draw my breath
'Thout Mary Ann a-tellin' me she 's "mortified to death."
Before they come our breakfast time was allus ha'f-past six;
By thunderation! 't would n't do; you 'd orter hear the kicks.
So jest to suit 'em 't was put off till sometime arter eight,
An' when a chap gits up at four that 's mighty long to wait.

The idee was that Mary Ann would help her Ma; but, land!
She can't be round a minute but some boarder 's right on hand
To take her out to walk or ride—*she* likes it well enough,
But when you 're gittin' grub fer twelve, Ma finds it kinder tough.
We ain't a-sayin' nothin' now, we 'll see this season through,
But folks that 's bought one gold brick ain't in love with number two;
An' if you 're passin' down our way next Summer, cast your eye
At our front fence. You 'll see a sign,

"NO BOARDERS NEED APPLY."

Joe Lincoln.

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